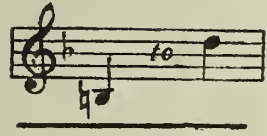
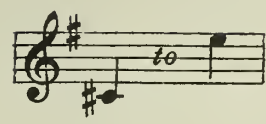


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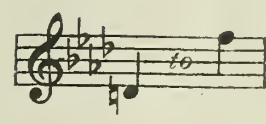
Nº 1 IN F



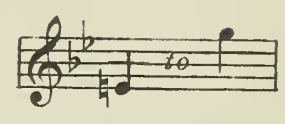
Nº 2 IN G



Nº 3 IN A^b



Nº 4 IN B^b



SUNG BY
JOHN M^cCORMACK

THE BAREFOOT TRAIL

❁ Song ❁

THE WORDS BY
MARIAN PHELPS



The Music by
ALVIN S. WIGGERS

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HUMANITIES REF
Early Sheet Music Collection

Boosey

The Barefoot Trail.

There's a winding trail thro' the meadow grass,
And over a sunny hill,
To the wild-wood ways where a lad and lass
Once roamed at their own sweet will.
A brown little lad with a freckled nose,
And a wee bonnie lass like a sweet wild rose.
Over the hill-top and thro' the dale,
Threading the winding barefoot trail.

'Tis a long, long way thro' the years, I know,
Back there to the barefoot days.
For your golden tresses have turn'd to snow,
And dim is an old man's gaze.
But, still, still you are like a sweet wild rose,
And a laddie am I with a freckled nose,
When o'er the hill-top and thro' the dale
Memory takes the barefoot trail.

Refrain: Oh, the barefoot trail goes winding
Thro' the years of memory.
The past and the present binding,
In a wonderful dream for me.
And I seem to be back in my child-hood days,
A lad with a freckled nose
Who is threading the barefoot wild-wood ways
With a lassie who's like a rose.

Words by
MARIAN PHELPS.

Music by
ALVIN S. WIGGERS.

Mod^{to}

VOICE.

PIANO.

There's a wind - ing trail thro' the mea - dow grass, And

mp

o - ver a sun - ny hill, To the wild - wood ways where a

lad and lass, Once roam'd at their own sweet will. A brown lit-tle lad with a

freck - led nose, And a wee bon-nie lass like a sweet wild rose.

O - ver the hill - top and thro' the dale, Thread-ing the wind - ing, bare-foot trail.

rall.

With expression.

Oh, the bare-foot trail goes wind - ing Thro' the years of mem-o - ry. — The

The first system of music. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, starting with a treble and bass clef. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mp* (mezzo-piano) and features a variety of chords and melodic lines.

past and the pres-ent bind - ing, In a won-der-ful dream for me. — And I

The second system of music. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *8* (octave) in the bass line.

seem to be back in my child - hood days, A lad with a freck-led nose — Who is

The third system of music. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *8* (octave) in the bass line.

thread - ing the bare-foot, wild - wood ways With a las - sie who's like a rose. —

The fourth system of music. The vocal line continues the melody. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *8* (octave) in the bass line.

Tempo I?

'Tis a long, long way thro' the years, I know, Back

mp

there to the bare - foot days. ——— For your gold - en tress - es have

turn'd to snow, And dim is an old man's gaze. ——— But

still, still you are like a sweet wild rose, And a

lad - die am I with a freck - led nose, When o'er the hill - top and

thro' the dale Mem - o - ry takes the bare - foot trail.

With expression.

Oh, the bare-foot trail goes wind - ing, Thro' the years of mem - o - ry. The

past and the pres - ent bind - ing, In a won - der - ful dream for

me. ——— And I seem to be back in my child - hood days, A

lad with a freck - led nose ——— Who is thread - ing the bare - foot

wild - wood ways With a las - sie who's like a rose. ———

OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS

No. 1 in D No. 2 in F

Words by E. K. R.

ONLY YOU

No. 3 in F No. 4 in A^b

Music by EDWIN SCHNEIDER

Sung by Mr. JOHN McCORMACK

Andante Cantabile

All the years have held but you, love, Fond and true, - Since my heart first woke to love you - On - - ly you -

Life is rap-ture - life is gladness Ev - - er new - Just to know the day will bring you - On - - ly you -

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No. 1 in B^b No. 2 in D^b

Words by MIRIAM TEICHNER

MOTHER MY OWN

No. 3 in E^b

Music by EDWARD RICHARDSON CALDWELL

Sung by Mme GALLI-CURCI

Slowly and with feeling

The gold in her heart, The gold of her love, As radiant and pure As of angels' a - bove. The chum of my child-hood, She

f allargando

slight ritard *a tempo*

joined in my play, And taught me the games That were laugh-filled and gay. Though some-times she sighed And was wea - ry, maybe, She was

slight rit. *a tempo*

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No. 1 in G No. 2 in A^b

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY

HOME-ALONG

No. 3 in E^b No. 4 in C

Music by WILFRID SANDERSON

p Andante

Home-along a - cross the hills Where the winds blow, Where we pluck'd the daffodils Long, long a - go; That's where I

cre - scen - do rall. f Marcato

want to be, When life is rue - Home-along to rest at last Just there with you! Home-along to rest at last Just there with you!

cresce e poco accel. f molto rit. ten. ten. ff

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